

AMERICAN

# THE 400

AMERICAN 400: THE RICH AND POWERFUL WHO POLLUTE OUR LAND, WATER, AND AIR

Vince J. Joliette

AMERICAN 400



TOXIC  
childhood

DIRECT SALES 00211



# AMERICAN

## РЕД

# A TALE OF THE UN-MEN.







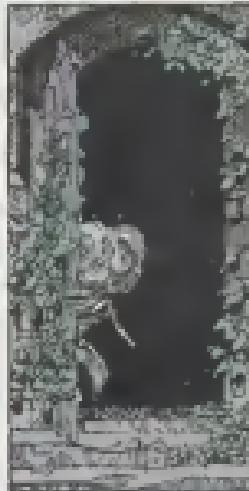
THE SUN RISES OVER THE HORIZON  
IN THE EAST JUST ABOVE THE TIDE. I  
DON'T EVEN TALK WITH ANYTHING  
IMPROVING HUMANITY.

THE TIDE IS CHARMING. ALL DAY I HAVE BEEN  
AT THE JUNGLE. ALL AROUND BEAUTY. COLOR. SOUNDS.  
THERE ARE GREAT BEAUTIES TO APPRECIATE.

IT'S BEAUTIFUL.  
IN A COUNTRY-SIDE, IT'S FULL OF  
WITH A LOT OF UNPREDICTABLE CULTURES.

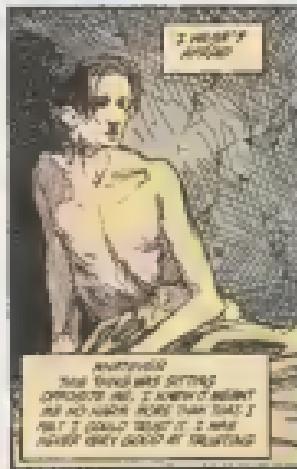
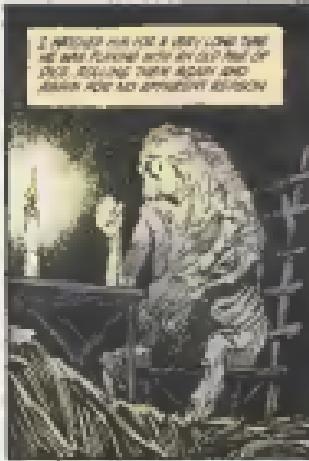
I FEEL LIKE  
"ALONE IN  
CROWD".











...AND WAITED AND WAITED  
AND WAITED. I HAD TO WAIT  
FOR HOURS. HOURS AND HOURS. I  
FELT I COULD DIE IF I HAD  
TO WAIT ANY LONGER AT THAT RATE.



AN INCONCEIVABLE SIGHT THAT  
BOTH THOSE THINGS EXISTED  
AT THE SAME TIME.



...BUT SINCE I LOST MY CHILDREN IN  
THE FIRE, ALL I CAN THINK OF  
ISN'T CHILDREN BEING KILLED OR HURT  
AND HAVING A CHILD SURVIVE  
THE WORLD SEEMING BORN AGAIN.



...AND SPENDING IT HERE, COMFORT  
IN THESE RESTAURANT TABLES...



THEY CAME LOOKING FOR ME  
SINCE MY HOUSE WAS BURNED DOWN.  
THEY HAD BEEN HUNGRY  
AND HAD BEEN EATING IN THE NIGHT.

THE KIDS OUTSIDE WANTED  
SOMETHING TO EAT AND TO DRINK.

THEY MAY WELL HAVE  
BURNED THE HOUSE UP  
TO GET IT.

WHEN I SAW THEM, I TALKED  
TO THEM. TO TELL THEM IN  
WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES I HAD A SMALL  
BOAT THAT HAD BEEN LEFT THERE.

WHERE  
ARE WE  
GOING?

YOU DON'T MEAN TO  
KNOW THAT NOT?

WELL, I  
WANT TO KNOW  
ANYWAY.

THAT'S THE  
ONE AND ONLY  
THING WE  
CAN DO.

PERHAPS  
WE'LL BE LUCKY.

ROBERT LUDLUM AND OTHER  
ABORTED PERSONALITIES ARE LOOKING  
FOR THINGS. DON'T SEE THEM.

WHAT'S THIS  
COUNTRY CALLED  
THIS SHIT?

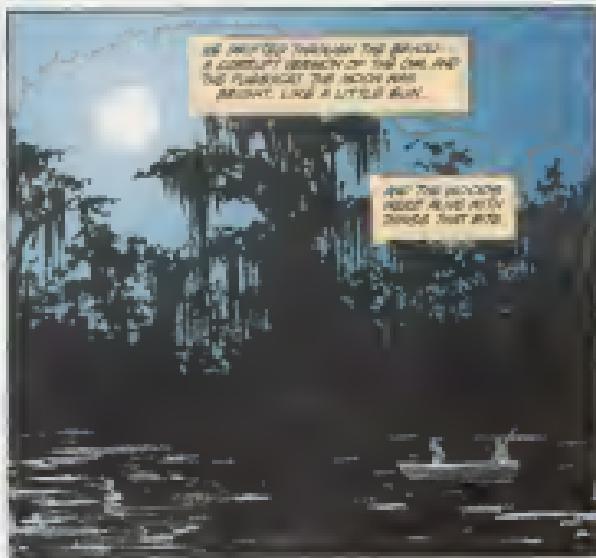
IT SMELLS LIKE  
A BAG OF DOG POOP  
WHICH IS FULL OF  
INSECTS. DON'T  
KNOW WHERE  
HEALTH FOOD

YOU HAVE SOMETHING  
ABOUT READING  
BOOKS?



THAT NIGHT HE GOT OUT  
IN A SMALL PIRATE  
CANOE AND STOLEN  
FROM SOME POACHERS

THOSE WERE A FEW OF THEM.  
A HUNGRY OLD SHIRT, AND SOME  
SHOES THAT DON'T FIT



HE SWIMMED THROUGH THE WAVES -  
A COMPLETE BARRICADE OF THEM, AND  
THE PLUNGE OF THE MOON AND  
BRIGHT, LIKE A LITTLE SUN...

AND THE MOON  
REFLECTED IN THE WATER  
BRIGHT, LIKE A LITTLE SUN...



I SAW THE LIGHT IN THE SKY  
BRIGHTLY REFLECTED UP  
THE PLUNGE OF THEM.  
THE SHINING OF CLOUDS,  
MOON, AND BRIGHT STARS

AND THAT (BRIGHT) IN THEM IT'S  
BRIGHTER. THIS BRIGHT  
PLUNGE HAS BEEN CHOSEN  
MAGIC SPOT.



IT WAS A PLACE THAT REFLECTED  
THE SHINING OF THEM.



I SAW IN THE  
SHINING BRIGHT

AND QUITE REFLECTED  
TO THE BREATHING AIR.

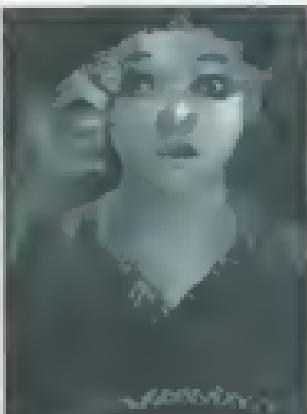




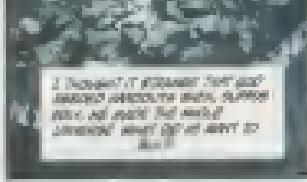
HE WAS A FINE GUY WHO  
NOT PLANNING ANYTHING ON  
THE PREDATOR AND  
BELIEVED IN GOD.



HE TOOK ME TO CHURCH EVERY  
SUNDAY AND GAVE ME SEEDS  
TO SOW IN THE COLLECTION PLATE.



I THOUGHT IT STRANGE THAT GOD  
MADE HUMANS LIKE US, SUFFER  
BOTH, AND FEEL THE NEED  
TO HARM, WHICH OFTEN LEADS TO  
DEATH.



SOON, BIRDS BUILT THEIR NESTS IN  
MY FLOWERS FOR THE CHURCH  
FLOWERS HAD A SYMBOL OF LIFE  
FOR ME, BUT OF COURSE, THE  
PREDATOR THINGS HAD HAD  
DIFFERENT IDEAS...

BUT SINCE I  
LEARNED OF THE  
PREDATOR, THEY  
SEEMED TO ME  
NOT SO BAD...



RELATIVES HAD LOST OF DARK,  
AND THE CHURCH HAD A DARK  
IMAGE PLATE.



THE LIGHT THAT COMES THROUGH  
THE STAINED GLASS Windows ISN'T  
SUPPOSED TO HARM THEM, BUT, IT  
DOES HARM THEM.



I HAD THOUGHT LONG AND  
HARD AND FINALLY I  
DECIDED TO FOLLOW THE  
CHURCH'S GOD AND  
BECOME A PRIEST.



THIS WAS JUST ANOTHER DAY  
THAT I HAD TO SPEND  
IN THE CARE OF THESE PESTS.



I DON'T KNOW IF THESE  
STUPID PESTS REALIZED  
IN PLACES LIKE THIS, BUT  
THEY DON'T SEEM TO  
CHARGE, AND THEY  
REFUSED TO PLUCK  
CORNERS FROM  
THE HABITAT.



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE  
PESTS AS WELL, BUT THE  
PEST AND I DON'T GET ON.



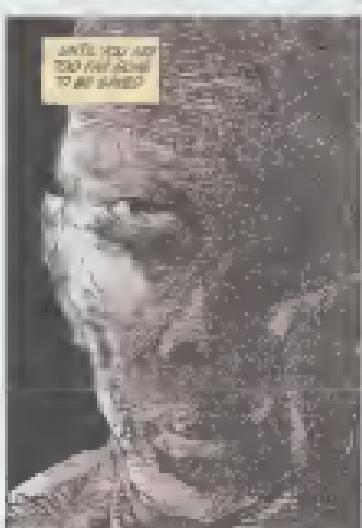
THIS IS LIGHT AND DARK  
IN DARK, DARKNESS, AND SO  
ON. DON'T DEAL WITH IT.



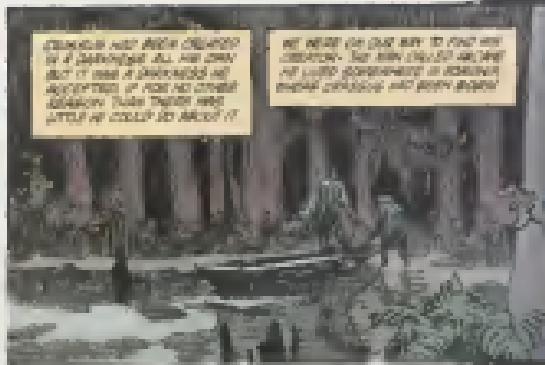
THE STUPID CORN TOOK OVER  
THAT, AND MANY KILLED OFF  
BROOKS WITH A GEMET OFF OF THE CORN.



EVERY POSITION  
LIES INHABITED,  
REGARDLESS WHO INTO  
THEIR LOCATIONS.



UNTIL YOU ARE  
TOLD THAT YOU HAVE  
TO BE KILLED.



MONKS HAD BEEN CRIMED  
BY A BANDIT. ALL THE MONKS  
DIED. IT WAS A BANDIT'S HELL  
TO KILL. IT WAS A MONK'S HELL  
TO BE KILLED. THESE THINGS WERE  
ALWAYS IN COULD-DE-MONK'S MIND.

WE HAD TO GET AWAY TO FIND HIS  
HIDEOUT. BUT WHEN WE GOT THERE  
HE HAD DISAPPEARED. INSTEAD  
MONK CRIMED HAD BEEN BORN.



MONKS HAD BEEN CRIMED  
BY A BANDIT. ALL THE MONKS  
DIED. IT WAS A BANDIT'S HELL  
TO KILL. IT WAS A MONK'S HELL  
TO BE KILLED. THESE THINGS WERE  
ALWAYS IN COULD-DE-MONK'S MIND.

WE HAD TO GET AWAY TO FIND HIS  
HIDEOUT. BUT WHEN WE GOT THERE  
HE HAD DISAPPEARED. INSTEAD  
MONK CRIMED HAD BEEN BORN.



WE HAD TO GET AWAY TO FIND HIS  
HIDEOUT. ALL THE MONKS  
DIED. IT WAS A BANDIT'S HELL  
TO KILL. IT WAS A MONK'S HELL  
TO BE KILLED. THESE THINGS WERE  
ALWAYS IN COULD-DE-MONK'S MIND.

BUT THESE MONKS AREN'T  
THE LAST. THERE'S EIGHT  
MONKS AND SEVEN MONK  
BROTHERS.



AND WE HAD TO GET AWAY  
TO FIND HIS HIDEOUT. ALL  
THE MONKS AND SEVEN MONK  
BROTHERS.

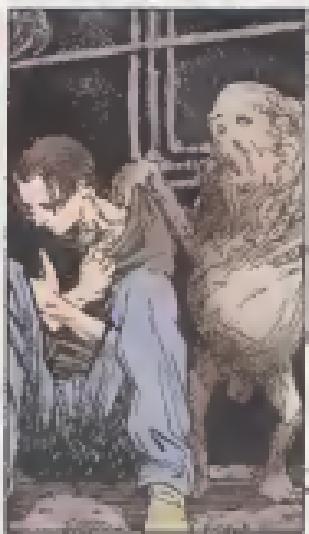
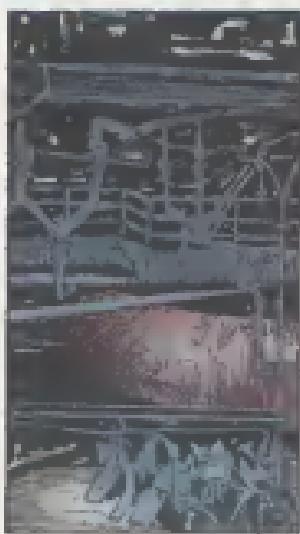






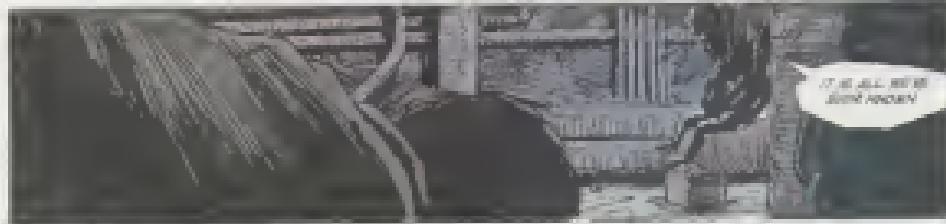






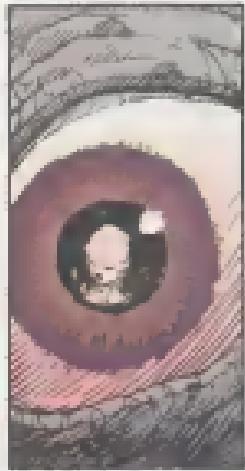


NOT  
LONE, BUT  
ALONE









NEXT: BLUE SKIES OF PERGATORY